

Mt. Sterling Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, IDENTICAL IN INTEREST WITH ITS OWN PEOPLE;

VOLUME XV

MT. STERLING, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1906.

NUMBER 52

THREE MEN SHOT, ONE OF WHOM ESCAPES.

The Shooting Took Place in
Rear of and in Davis' Sa-
loon, According to
Report.

On Wednesday afternoon a shoot-
ing took place on the premises oc-
cupied by P. H. Davis, the saloon
keeper. Below we give facts as
could be ascertained.

Geo. Bowen, colored, was shot
once. The ball passed through his
body on right side, penetrating the
liver. He was taken to his father's
home. His condition is dangerous.

Robert Willoughby was shot in
left arm, the ball cutting the artery
near shoulder. He bled profusely.

He walked up the street until met
by friends who took him to Dr.
Willis' office on second floor. The

Dr. was out. As they came down
Willinghby fell and in semi-con-
scious condition was taken to Dr.

W. R. Thompson's office, who cared
for him. He spent the night at
Mrs. Stephens' boarding house near

cattle pens. From loss of blood he
was very weak, but will soon be
out unless poison develops.

CARTER ESCAPES.

Rob't Carter colored did shooting
After the shooting Carter ran
down Main street, up Queen to the
Wood property, over fence and

through J. G. Trimble's place, down
alley, across railroad and dis-
appeared in cornfield and beyond. He

was traced by blood, but escaped at nightfall.

As he went down Main street a colored man saw his
wound made by bullet. Up to
two days afternoon he had not

been captured. It is not known
who shot him.

If Bowen recovers there may be
developments which will explain
the whole affair.

WILLUGHBY'S STATEMENT.

"My name is Robert Willoughby,
son of Robert Willoughby, deceased,
of Aaron's Run neighborhood.
I am not yet 21 years old. On
Wednesday afternoon I went to
Davis' saloon to look for Newt
Rothwell. This is first time I
have been in the saloon for several
months. I did not drink anything
there. Do not know Davis.
Winkler the clerk, but
he talk with him. Saw one
other white man a stranger. I
went to closet in back yard. In
rear of main building I saw a
crowd of negroes, about 15 or 20
making a great noise like geese. A
crap game was in progress and
many appeared to be playing. I

did not stop to watch them. I
started through the building to
come out. When about half way
in building I heard the fight. Do
not know how many were engaged
in the quarrel. When I heard
first shot I did not stop. My back
was toward the rear house. The
second shot, I think, hit me; did
not see the man who shot me, nor
did I see any pistol. Heard 4 or
5 shots in all, some after I was
hit inside and one after I was
hit outside. The ball passed through
my body on right side, penetrating the
liver. He was taken to his father's
home. His condition is dangerous.

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was very weak, but will soon be
out unless poison develops.

BOWEN'S STATEMENT.

On Thursday afternoon we called
at the home of Sonny Bowen in
Smithville to see his son, George
Bowen, who was shot. We had
spoken to his physician of our in-
tention to interview him. Bowen
began to talk. He said that while
he was talking to a colored man
named Chenault, the man Robert
Carter came up and began to talk
rough to him and shot him. This
was in backyard. That he him-
self was not engaged in playing
craps. His wife objected to our
talking to him, saying he was too
sick to be worried and that the
doctor forbade his talking. We
regarded her wishes an excused
ourselves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Accompanied by a friend, the
writer procured the above state-
ments. We do not say that our
informants are true or false. We
report what they said. We are not
a detective agency or civil officer.

Accidents will happen, but the
best regulated families keep Dr.
Thomas' Electric Oil for such
emergencies. It subdues the pain
and heals the hurt. 51-4t.

Items Concerning the Courier- Journal European Trip.

Members of the Tour-to-Europe
party are to report at the Courier-
Journal office at 10:30 o'clock,
sharp Thursday morning, July 12,
for final instructions, tickets, etc.
The start will be made in a special
Pullman sleeper via the Louisville
and Nashville road at 1 o'clock
Thursday afternoon. A special
dinner will be served on the dining
car. Cincinnati will be reached at
4:20. The Big Four will be reached
at about 6 a. m., Friday, and the car
will be switched on the

famous New York Central.

Prompdy at 11 o'clock Saturday
morning all must be aboard, and at
12 anchor will be weighed, and out
of New York we will steam for
foreign parts.

The territory to be covered by
the Tour embraces one night in
New York; seven days on steamship
"Columbia;" a prep at Ire-
land; two days in Scotland; seven
days in England; five days in
Switzerland; four days in Germany; two days
in Holland; one day in Belgium;
nine days en route on steamship
"Finland" for New York, and then
two days for Home, Sweet Home.

The steamship "Columbia," on
which the tourists will sail from
New York, is the handsomest of
the famous fleet of the Anchor
line. She is 500 feet in length by
56 feet. She is divided into nine
water-tight compartments. The
accommodations on board are dis-
tributed throughout six decks.

The "Columbia" sails at noon
Saturday, July 14, from her dock
at New York. The "Finland," on
which the tourists will return, is
equally as comfortable. She is to
sail from Antwerp for the return
voyage Saturday, August 18.

AS TO BAGGAGE.

Successful contestants and in-
vited guests are urged to confine
their baggage to as small a quantity
as possible. Two suit cases
or large satchels should hold all
the wardrobe necessary. Under
no circumstances take a big trunk.
Only fifty-six pounds of baggage
will be taken free after landing at
Glasgow.

THE WINNERS.

Misses

Elsie Muir,	Louisville, Ky.
Myrtle Jenkins,	" "
Nora Kirch,	" "
Bessie Hunter,	" "
Annabel Adams,	" "
Alice Kohler,	" "
Sallie Ewing,	St. Matthews, Ky.
Aneila Schwaninger,	Jefferson- ville, Ind.
Katie Borgerding,	New Albany, Indiana.
Celeste Kosure,	Madisonville, Ky.
Maud Miller,	Elkton, Ky.
Mattie Christian,	Russellville, Ky.
Orna Hazelip,	Brownsville, Ky.
Anna Ford,	Smith's Grove, Ky.
Birdie Kelly,	Lebanon, Ky.
Mattie Hughes,	Midway, Ky.
Milda McMillan,	Paris, Ky.
Esther Wilson,	Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Virginia Kennedy,	Owensboro, Ky.

Indiana.

Executors without bond.

On account of the fact that W. H. Reid
is a non-resident, he was disqual-
ified, and at his request the other
two Executors will carry out the
terms of the will.

M. A. Prewitt, Caswell Prewitt
and D. G. Howell were appointed
appraisers of the estate, which is
estimated to be worth \$200,000.

According to a dispatch from
Arizona, President Roosevelt has
written a letter in which he urges
the people of that Territory to vote to
be admitted to the Union with
New Mexico.

INVITED GUESTS.

Because of continuous hard
work and the large vote polled,
each securing \$50,000 or more, the
Courier-Journal invites these young
women to make the trip to Europe
as members of the party:

Miss Mollie E. Schiffman, Louis-
ville; Miss Bertha Schack, Louis-
ville; Miss Sad Craig, Jefferson-
ville, Ind.; Miss Mary Mounty,
New Albany, Ind.; Miss Hattie
Fierstien, Hopkinsville, Ky.; Miss
Becky Cox, Livermore, Ky.; Miss
Mary Lear, Paint Lick, Ky.

SPECIAL GUESTS.

Those named below will go on
the Tour as special guests of the
Courier-Journal, and they may
their own way, or represent the
paper:

Mr. Kate S. Bohannon, Stan-
ton; Miss Lida May Kast, Louis-
ville; Miss Eva Bailey, Harrods-
burg; Mr. George Franklin Kast
and Mr. G. E. Johnson, of the
Courier-Journal.

A spoiled child is almost as hard
to raise as a turkey.

Will of J. Davis Reid Probated.

The will of J. Davis Reid was
offered for probate in County Court
Tuesday. The will is dated October
4, 1905. He disposes of his
property as follows:

To J. Coleman Reid absolutely
the Jones farm and enough of the
Games land, including improve-
ments, to make him equal with
other heirs.

To Henry P. Reid the Buford
place, part of Congleton farm, the
Whiskey place, the Reid tract and enough
of the land devised by N. Prewitt
to make him equal. This land is
entitled.

To Carolyn G. Reid, the home
place, except the 35 acres allotted
to H. P. Reid, and enough of the
land in front of the house to make
her equal. This land includes the
residence of the deceased, and is
entitled.

To W. H. Reid the tract of land
lying on Prewitt and Thomson Sta-
tion pike, and part of the Chorn
and Davis tracts, absolutely.

To Elizabeth D. Chenault, wife
of D. M. Chenault, the southern
portion of the home farm known as
the Treadaway place, the Beanland,
and portion of the lands purchased
from J. D. Gay and others to make
her equal. Entitled.

To Walker P. Reid part of the
Chorn land, including improve-
ments, and enough of the Chorn
and Davis lands to make him equal.
Entitled.

He directs how the lands shall be
divided so as to give all the heirs a
frontage on the pike.

He directs that all of his personal
property be sold as soon as con-
venient after his death, and that an
equal division be made among his
children. All the children are
charged with advancements.

He concludes with this admonition:
"Let everything be done without
contention and let peace and love reign in your lives forever."

J. Coleman Reid, W. H. Reid and
D. M. Chenault were named as
Executors without bond. On ac-
count of the fact that W. H. Reid
is a non-resident, he was disqual-
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Grave Joke.

A statesman in an argument had
turned the tables rather neatly on
his opponent, Senator Doliver, in
congratulation, said:

"You remind me of a Fort
Dodge doctor, Dr. X. This gen-
tleman once had a grave dug for a
patient, supposed to be dying, who
afterward recovered, and over this
error of judgment the doctor was
joked for many years.

"Once he called in consulta-
tion with three conferees another
patient. This patient really died.
After his death, as the physicians
discussed the case together, one of
them said:

"Since quick burial is necessary,
we might inter the body tempo-
rarily. I understand our broth-
er has a vacant grave on hand."

"Yes," he said, "believe I am
the only physician present whose
graves are not all filled."—Philadel-
phia Record.

Jealousy is like some other
things. The lid should be kept
on it.

A County Judge Thwarts Local Option in Carlisle.

This state of affairs was found to
exist in the course of the trial of
the Commonwealth vs. Massey &
Merrifield charged with bringing
whisky into a local option district
in Police Judge George S. Bur-
roughs' court Tuesday.

The proof, in our mind, and in
the mind of the court and the com-
munity, was conclusive that the
whisky was brought here at their
instance and in violation of the law,
if that law existed, but upon investi-
gation by the council for the de-
fendants it was discovered that the
County Judge had failed to order the
result of the local option election
spread upon the record, which
according to the Statutes does not
become a law until it is so done, the
people thus being staled by the
mere negligence, or oversight, of
some official, which of course was
not maliciously, or the matter of
not having been recorded would
have leaked out ere this. It is
simply silly to say only bad and ignorant women
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the best women vote when they have
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HOMES TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION.

Having moved to Louisville I have determined to sell my property in **XL.** Sterling to the highest bidder at auction.

I SAY THEY WILL BE SOLD AND I MEAN IT

So don't miss the bargains and say "I didn't know you really meant to sell." The sale will take place at the Court House door.

Saturday, July 14, 1906.

At 1 p.m. Prospective purchasers can examine the property any time before that hour.

No. 1 is the elegant room, 2-story, frame building, with hall, store rooms, bath, roomy porches, verandas, etc.—very convenient. Built 4 years. Cister, gardens, new stable. Lot 60x250.

No. 2 is my elegant home place, the most modern in Mt. Sterling. The best pieces of furniture I ever saw. Has its own water system. Hall, back laundry room, kitchen, etc. Hot and cold water at each floor. Hot water heating plant and water system that cost over \$1,000. Nearly every kind of fruit. Extra large stable, large garden and very large cistern—in fact every one says this is the most ideally arranged home in Mt. Sterling. Has been built 5 years. Lot 100x250.

No. 3 is a beautiful lot 60x250, lying just east of the house place and second to home for beauty.

All of the above property is situated on the South side of Holt Avenue, Mt. Sterling, Ky., and join one to the other. A perpetual alley runs back of each of them.

Possession will be given of Nos. 1 and 3 at once; of No. 2 September 1st, 1906.

TERMS: One-half cash, one-half in 12 months with 6 per cent with purchase.

W. R. Nunnelley.

J. C. or W. H. Wood will show the property.

The Largest and Best Stock of

Diamonds,

Silverware

and Jewelry.

Of all kinds in Central Kentucky

AT

Jones' Jewelry Store

SPECIAL REDUCED RATES

VIA. THE

Illinois Central Railroad.

Omaha, Nebraska, and Return

JULY 9th to 13th.

Through Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars from Chicago.

Denver, Colorado, and Return

JULY 11th to 15th.

Through Coaches and Sleepers from Chicago.

S. Paul Minn., and Return

JULY 23rd to 25th. 1906, Inclusive.

Through Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars from Chicago.

Minneapolis, Minn., and Return

AUGUST 10th to 12th. 1906, Inclusive.

Through Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars from Chicago.

Summer Excursions to California, Colorado, Mexico and Hot Springs, Ark.

For Rates and other information ask your home agent, or address

F. W. HARLOW,
DIV. PASS. AGENT, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Elephant's Little Joke.

A big circus elephant had held up a train at Belfest, Mich. When the train stopped at the station, the elephant, who was in a truck adjoining the engine, filled his trunk with water from the engine tank, and deluged the drivers and stoker, driving them from the engine cab, and when they tried to return he repeated his tactics. A man on the platform was enjoying the joke until the animal turned his attention to him and gave him a trunkful, knocking him off the platform, whence he rolled down an embankment and received injuries which terminated fatally. The elephant remained master of the situation until he had drained the tank.

Don't Kill the Hawk.

Man has sinned more than any other animal in trifling with nature's balance. Clover crops and the killing of hawks are apparently unrelated, yet the hawks eat the field mice, the field mice prey on the immature bees, and the bees fertilize the clover blossoms. The death of a hawk means an overincrease of field mice and a consequent destruction of the bees.—Country Life in America.

Appropriate.

May I go along to the masquerade as a waitress? What would be an appropriate costume for me to wear?

Jack—Anything that's "fetching."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Edith's Seventh Answer.

BY FRANK H. MELON.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"You've certainly transformed the room," I said to Edith, opening the door and walking in in response to her bidding. It had originally been an attic, Edith having insisted that the world's best literature had been produced in a garret and on bread and water. She, however, eschewed the crusts, not caring to carry her convictions to that extent, yet always convinced of ultimate success if she could screw her courage up to the sticking point and do so.

After all, the room was now quite unlike an attic. When I told Edith she had transformed it, I meant by her own presence. She took it otherwise. Her beauty was conceded by all—yes, even by those who were jealous of her. But it was always her handiwork of which she was proud.

Tapestry hangings now hid the face of timbers rough-hewn in the days when Washington was young and Fourth of Julys like any other day, for the house itself was of colonial antiquity, and there were wide divans on which one was allowed to sit among dozens of cushions done in colors to the rainbow unknown. There was a writing desk of odd design in one corner, and a desk from the depths of which a much-used typewriter was apt to half emerge, like a Jack-in-the-box, if one walked about with a heavy step. There was the usual array of brass articles used for ornamentation, and it was a by no means uncommon misadventure for me to sit down on a horizontal candlestick or a little copper kettle, and beat it entirely out of shape so that I might have an excuse for sending to Edith a half dozen other things I had picked up for her room.

"You were saying I'd transformed the room," she suggested, whittling desperately on a rubber eraser until she discovered her error and picked up a pencil instead.

"Now," she went on, "very much of what I've been able to do has been owing to your kindness. Of course I thank you, Robert."

"I shall receive my reward some day," I reminded her.

"So the Good Book says."

"Oh, I am speaking of temporal things."

"Your mind should be above them," she admonished.

"You are as near an approach to divinity as I care for at present," I insisted.

"You should be ashamed to say so. What is any one of us after all? What are our little loves, our half-formed fancies, but things of a day—shadows that cross the face of the great sun of fame?"

"But my love is not a little love, neither is it the thing of a day," I contradicted hotly.

Edith blushed.

"You think—"

"I know—"

"Very well," this with resignation.

On the table lay a sheet of Edith's work, done in a masculine chirography popular of late.

"What is this a map of?" I asked, innocently.

"It's not a map. It's the start of a story."

"Where's the rest of it?"

"Oh, I haven't thought it all out yet," with a sigh.

"Do you know what the title is to be?"

"I haven't decided on one."

"Will you let me suggest a title for it?"

"But you don't know what the story is about."

"Is there any connection?" I asked, merrily, "between a story and its title?"

"Certainly," snuffed Edith, indignantly.

"Then there's a missing link to some," I declared.

"Those are by inferior authors."

"To change the subject, have you sold any stuff of late?" I asked. A newspaper training had learned me to speak of a story in that way.

"Stuff!" she exclaimed in high gudgeon. "To think of your

speaking so of my stories, Robert!"

As Edith looked on the verge of tears, I offered a hasty apology.

"Really, little girl, I was only using a technical term. You know I like your stories, and could sit and hear you read them to me all day." (I could, too, but there are other things I'd rather talk about.)

"Yes, Robert, you are more partial to me than the editors are."

"Confound them! I've half a mind to call on two or three of them and let 'em know what I think of their judgment!" I exclaimed, viciously.

"As I was half back on my class eleven at college, I think there are few editors—they are mostly puny fellows—who would condone me if I were aroused to anger. Edith—serious little minx!"—didn't believe in coercion.

"If I can't win by merit, I don't want to win," she declared, stoutly.

"Edith," I asked, tenderly, "why couldn't you write just the same after we were married?"

"Of all the impudence! I've not said we were going to be yet, have I? And, besides, marriage is said to be an impediment to a literary career."

"Aren't so-and-so married?" I asked, naming over a half dozen of the best-known feminine authors of the day. I didn't know

the best thing in religion is love, for it combines tenderness, charity, compassion, courtesy, decency, respect. It is a combination of all the virtues, and the Japs have taken this best thing and molded it into lives until the people have become artists, lovers of the beautiful. They regard gardens as their choicest possessions and believe that care for the aged is a privilege instead of a duty.

It was the emperor of this heathen land who commanded his soldiers to not only fight valiantly for their native land, but to love their enemies.

And the prisoners of Japan found better treatment than their own homes afforded.

Prof. Nitobe says: "What Christianity has done in Europe towards arousing compassion in the minds of belligerent horrors, love of music and letters, has done in Japan."

When Buying Boots

It is now a generally accepted theory that the human foot varies in the course of the 24 hours. On rising in the morning the foot is at its smallest. During the day it gradually increases in size, reaching the limit at three p.m. After this it remains the same until we retire, when it slowly decreases. Thus the best time for buying boots or shoes is in the middle of the afternoon, when our feet are at their largest.

Marble Playing

Children played marbles on the streets many years ago. Playing marbles have been found among the ruins of Pompeii.

Originally this child's amusement came from Holland, and was introduced into England about 1630. The marbles were made of clay, stone and agate, and so extensive was the call for them that they came to be considered an important article of trade in Germany.

Home of Toothpicks

Quill toothpicks come from France. The largest factory in the world is near Paris, where there is an annual product of 20,000,000 quills. The factory was started to make quill pens, but when these went out of general use it was converted into a toothpick mill.

Advance of Surgery

Twenty years ago 50 per cent. of cases of amputation terminated fatally; but under the modern system of antisepctic surgery the danger of this operation has been so far reduced that the rate of mortality does not now exceed from 5 to 12 per cent. of the number of cases.

Football

A kind of football was first played about the time of Edward III. in England. Shortly after its advent, however, it was prohibited. Later it was again revived, but in the reign of James I. it was suppressed as being rough and brutal.

Life of a Horse

Civilization shortens the life of a horse. In a wild state he lives to be 36 or 40 years old, while the domestic horse is old at 25 years.

PECULIAR "HEATHENISM."

That of the Japanese May Be Regarded as Not Altogether Objectionable.

Are the Japanese heathen? Yes. In the minds of many persons they are linked up with the people of Patagonia and other foreign lands.

But the Japs are a peculiar kind of heathen, says the San Antonio (Tex.) Gazette. One could almost wish that America could import some of their savage customs.

For instance, they have what is known as the moral code. It is not a Sunday or a parade affair. They do not forget it for six days, and then brush the dust off it when the minister comes to dinner on Sunday. The code is a part of the national life, and here it is:

Diligence is one's profession. Love and loyalty between master and servants.

Decorum and propriety.

Gallantry and bravery.

Truthfulness and justice.

Simplicity and frugality.

Contempt and meanness.

The best thing in religion is love, for it combines tenderness, charity, compassion, courtesy, decency, respect. It is a combination of all the virtues, and the Japs have taken this best thing and molded it into lives until the people have become artists, lovers of the beautiful.

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Life of a Horse

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Where Metal Does Not Rust

Metal does not rust in Lake Titicaca, South America. A chain, an anchor, or any article of iron, if thrown in this lake and allowed to remain for weeks or months, is as bright when taken up as when it came fresh from the foundry.

Five Times the Limit.

In Russia it is illegal to marry more than five times, and an octogenarian must not marry.

Nunnelley sale, houses and lots, 3 p.m. Saturday, July 14. Court-house door. See ad.

HIGH PRICES OF CHAIRS.

One Dozen of Louis XIV. Days Wag Recently Sold for One Hundred Thousand Dollars.

The value of chairs is strictly relative. Enormous prices have been paid for chairs in recent years, notably \$100,000 for a set of half a dozen Louis XIV. chairs, upholstered in Gobelin tapestry, which were originally made for Marie Antoinette. Even this price, states the Cleveland Plain Dealer, by the way, was exceeded by the sum paid for three of the Hamilton palace chairs, one of which brought \$30,000.

A most valuable and historically interesting suite of furniture is that which more than a century ago was presented by Warren Hastings to Tippoo Sahib and which was purchased at the Londenborough sale for \$5,000. The suite consists of a red card table, a sofa, two small cabinets and four armchairs, all of solid ivory most exquisitely carved. But probably the most costly chair in the world is one of the many treasures of the shah of Persia. It is of solid gold, thickly incrusted with diamonds, rubies, pearls and sapphires, and its value is estimated at \$500,000. In the house of commons at Westminster are two armchairs which once belonged to Gladstone, and one of which was his favorite seat when At Downing street.

A short time ago a romantic story was told in the French papers of two dilapidated armchairs which were sold among the effects of a Mme. Borg, a widow, who died at Dellys, an Algerian seaport town. The widow was reputed to be rich, but a thorough search of her rooms failed to disclose any of her hoardings, and it was assumed by her relatives that she had died practically penniless. Not long after the sale of her furniture, however, it was observed that the purchaser of the chairs, a Spanish stevedore named Perez, ceased to work, began to walk about in fine clothes, to purchase land and houses and generally gave evidence of having come into a fortune. Suspicion being aroused, Perez was arrested, and now stands accused of having appropriated to his own use the old lady's fortune of at least \$20,000, which had been concealed by her in the dilapidated armchairs.

Bird in Indiana.

John Kruse, a farmer of Indiana, has killed a huge bird which attacked a calf in his barn-yard. It is thought to be a condor.

It measures seven feet six inches from tip to tip of wing and three feet two inches from bill to tip of tail. It has a strong curved beak six inches long and its talons measure two and one-half inches. On the neck, two inches below the head, is a circle of pure white feathers.

Discovered by a Son.

In the cathedral of La Paz, in South America, there is preserved a silver pig with jeweled eyes, a thank offering made long years ago by a pious Spanish prospector, who had been led to stumble across what proved to be an exceedingly valuable silver mine owing to preliminary investigations that had been carried out by an inquisitive sow.

Made Him Tired.

Affectionate Wife—George, dear, sit down and rest in your elegant new chair.

Worried Husband—How can I rest in that chair, Emily, when I know that the man is likely to come at any moment to collect an installment on it?—Chicago Tribune.

Where Metal Does Not Rust.

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SICKNESS IN MT. STERLING

More Cases of Illness This Spring Than in Former Years.

Physicians and druggists say there are more cases of illness in Mt. Sterling this Spring than in former years. Perhaps there is not so much serious sickness, but Spring languor, loss of appetite, headaches, sleeplessness, back-aches, weakness and debility, indigestion and other ills that result from indigestion or an overworked stomach, are more common than they have been for some years past.

This has resulted in an unusual demand for Mi-no stomach tablets at W. S. Lloyd's. Before he felt that he could recommend this remedy, he tested it rigidly in many cases of heart-burn, indigestion, wind on the stomach, debility, and other troubles that result from a weakened digestion, with the greatest success.

In fact, Mi-no has been so uniformly successful in curing all stomach troubles that W. S. Lloyd gives a signed guarantee with every 50c box to refund the money if it does not cure. 52-2.

In nearly every civilized nation Independence day was recognized by some form of ceremony. Americans, of course, took the lead, but foreigners showed a readiness to participate that was surprising.

If you put nothing into life you will always meet with disappointment in trying to get something out of it.

Head Ache Sometimes?

So, it will interest you to know that it can be stopped with Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills; and that a bad headache, and its effects, and this without danger of forming a drug habit or having your stomach disarranged. They positively contain no opium, morphine, cocaine, chloral, ether or chloroform in any form. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieve pain, and leave only a sense of relief. The reason for this is explained by the fact that headache comes from tired, irritable, turbulent, over-taxed brain nerves. Anti-Pain Pills soothe and strengthen these nerves, thus removing the cause. They are harmless when taken as directed.

"We're glad Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for the cure of headache and we think that there is nothing that would be better. It is the most popular and severest species of nervous or sick headache, and no one who suffers from it seems to be completely exhausted, and tremble so I can scarcely stand upright. The best way to take the Anti-Pain Pills, and they are the best, is to swallow one or two at a time. Never sold in bulk." —Louisville Times.

Opportunity knocks once at every man's door, but a lot of men are so busy doing a little "knocking" themselves that they fail to hear opportunity.

Is Disease a Crime?

Not very long ago, a popular magazine published an article in which the writer asserted, in substance, that all disease should be regarded as criminal, because the pain and suffering of mankind is due to the violation of certain of Nature's laws. Consequently, any disease, which is regarded as criminal, must appeal to every reasonable individual as radically wrong.

It would be harsh, un sympathetic, cruel, yes criminal, to condemn poor, weak, over-worked, unfortunate people under the heavy load of household cares and burdens, and to blame them from causes various, displacements of their organs and other derangements peculiar to old age.

Frequent bearing of children, with its exacting demands upon the system, coupled with the physical exertions of large families, is often the cause of weak, feeble, infirm, and sometimes aggravated by the many household cares which fall upon the shoulders of the mother, who, upon the whole, Dr. Pierce, the maker of that world-famed remedy—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—says, "is the chief cause of disease." One of the class of maladies is the fact that the woman, in her desire to be a good mother, need rest from her many household cares and responsibilities, yet she suffers from it as a matter of frequent experience, he says.

"You were away so long, and really, Phil, I would not have been so unhappy had he not been so terrible sharp and caustic over every little insignificant thing, and expected and desired nothing, but eternal everlasting work. There were years I didn't leave the place; some of my people would do a little shopping for the children, as for myself I didn't need anything. These Yankees think of nothing but a regular tread mill grind; he's only like the rest of his people; but it went hard with a wild irresponsible thing like I'd always been. I brought my piano, but had no time to practice and it provoked all of them if I tried to keep up any of my reading; I've finally got so I am but an automaton. Had mother lived!"

Dr. Pierce's Medical Advice is sent free of postage to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Bullock's, 10th and Commerce streets, covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound.

If sick consult the Doctor, free of charge and his medical communications are held sacredly confidential. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels.

The men who see the little things and do them are the men who accomplish great results.

Too many men spend so much time getting ready that they run out of time before they begin.

The hardest way to earn a living is to hunt for an easy job.

Gallant Son of Kentucky.

Governor Crittenden long ago made Kentuckian proud of him. His mental and moral endowments, his bright and happy soulfulness. Carrying his good qualities to Missouri, he there won grace and favor till he became Chief Magistrate of that splendid Commonwealth. Proud was Kentuckian when she saw her magnificently equipped son raised to the Executive chair in so great a State.

At the Paris home-coming's reunion he paid a touching tribute to his wife. He said:

"No man does justice to his nativity unless he speaks of his wife. My wife was born in Estill county, Ky., and she grew to womanhood, and beautiful womanhood at that, in Clark county, and is a sister-in-law of John B. Houston, who you knew so well and who died as one of your esteemed statesmen of Kentucky. We mar-

ried for Fresh Groceries at Correct Prices, for Choice Strawberries and all Fruits and Vegetables in season call at

**M. F. HINSON'S,
LOCUST and BANK STS.
Phone 728.**

Lide.

BY ELLA M. FREEMAN.

(Copyright, 1888, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

A hedge ran down the side of the road. At an intersection were bars upon which a woman leaned; a woman no longer young, but sweet faced beyond compare; serene with the serenity born of hope, courageous with the courage born of suffering; clean skinned, clear eyed brown hair, flecked here and there with snowy white.

On the other side of the fence stood a man in hunting garb. The man was free, the woman under bondage; and of this the man spoke. "You've never known a moment's real happiness, Lide." She laughed lightly. "I've forgotten my sweet brood." Impatiently the man answered: "Oh, yes, of course all women are happy over a baby but if the baby's father never deigns to notice it I can't see a great amount of satisfaction in bringing them into the world?"



AT THE BARS

The man's voice became tremulous with feeling. "Lide, mother wrote and told me just how matters were with you, and thought it a shame that people stood by and saw you abused as you were. I left the range and ran right up here and I'm the answer to mother's letter. Lide, does he never take you in his arms and tell you, 'you're growing more beautiful as you're grown older?' The woman laughed a little bitterly, replying: "Dear me, how misled you've been upon the 'state of matrimony.' Do you really suppose country people have time to waste in such unprofitable manner? Dissuade yourself for all time. In this part 'tis a workday world; there's no time to be ill and no time to pet folks, they positively hover at death's door; when well, they don't need it; and so, there you are." At this the man endeavored to let down a bar but the woman's elbows were firmly planted on it, and as she took no notice of his efforts, he was forced to desist.

"Lide, I am 46; a long while to stay single for one girl, is it not? Especially as I had first claim on her."

"Oh, the pity of it!" spoke the woman in low and hurried tones and looking around as though fearful of being overheard.

"You were away so long, and really, Phil, I would not have been so unhappy had he not been so terrible sharp and caustic over every little insignificant thing, and expected and desired nothing, but eternal everlasting work. There were years I didn't leave the place; some of my people would do a little shopping for the children, as for myself I didn't need anything. These Yankees think of nothing but a regular tread mill grind; he's only like the rest of his people; but it went hard with a wild irresponsible thing like I'd always been.

I brought my piano, but had no time to practice and it provoked all of them if I tried to keep up any of my reading; I've finally got so I am but an automaton. Had mother lived!"

Here the tears came to the woman's eyes—"I should have gone home to her, but there was no one else that could help me. I've washed, and scrubbed, and tried to please them, but they have to fail again." One of the woman's hands convulsively grasped a bar. The man looked at the hand a moment, while the quick tears filled his eyes. Pat-

ting his strong brown hand over hers tenderly, masterfully, he spoke as though impersonally.

"Poor toll worn hands, poor dear hands—that were so white and smooth when I knew them. What has fate had in store for you to cause these most eloquent scars?" The woman hastily snatched her hands away, wrapping them in her apron, saying "I must go back to my home."

The man said, authoritatively: "Lide, you are going to give it up." The woman threw up her hands in a little gesture of horror. The man resumed: "Mother sent for me clear to Texas, to get you away from that tyrant and I believe in obeying the fifth commandment literally. Mother is going back with me—she will take care of you, and your children until we can break these hideous chains." "Hush," said the woman, "it's just as impossible, as if I were in a nummery, just as hopeless, as if I were over there;" and she indicated with a gesture some shining white stones, over on the hillside amongst the sumac, the alder and the hazel bushes. Then more cheerfully she spoke again.

"Take this for future comfort, Phil, that I've worn these chains so long that where once they galled, now is calloused, and doubly unfeeling. When once I shrank and shuddered at sharp tones, I now have grown dull, cared, and unfeeling; and know that I thank God every day for that blessed curse."

The woman ceased, looking away to the west, where in the amber sky the sun was slowly setting leaving a crimson trail behind; apparently unconscious of her companion's presence, but conscious of his sympathy. As she gazed something caught her eye, and a voice called: "Mammy, mammy!" She laughed like a girl. "There Philip, one of my bairns. Come 'tis mammy," she called back gayly to the stout curly-headed youngster. "Whom do you look like?" said the man, boarishly.

"Oh me, I guess; I've been such a dominant force in this family self-willed, self-indulgent, and so on, that I've brought it about that the very children look like me. His sister says they're lazy like me; but they're so little, I can't see how she can tell. I am so afraid of one thing; that when they are older he will compel them to do duty unfitted for their strength. My heart fairly chills at it." But this time the little fellow had come up, grily riding a stick horse. "Mammy, the lightin' breed."

The woman stooped down and picked up the child and with a savage gesture pressed him to her heart, saying: "He's worth it, Philip—worth all the trouble."

The man leaned across the bars and took the child in his arms noting keenly the straight eyebrows so like the mother's, the eyes so dark and blue, and mouth with those cunning little wells at the corners, such a sweet mouth, so dewy and fresh. He put him back in his mother's arms saying hoarsely: "Your children might have been mine."

The color flamed up in the woman's cheek, on her white brow, down her slender throat; the tears flashed in the deep eyes he knew so well. She reluctantly turned away. "Now, baby, tell the gentleman 'Bye-bye,' Good-bye, Philip." The man hesitated before he replied: "Good-bye, Lide."

The boy laughed, and waved and called good-bye; but the woman with sun bonnet drawn close about her face, never turned her head. The man standing at the bars rolled a cigarette with the deaf touch of the true plainsman; lit it, inhaled the smoke deep into his lungs with evident appreciation, and nonchalantly blew a curiously involved series of nebulous rings—the while, his honest brown eyes—eyes like a faithful dog's—narrowed to two slits, as he evolved his plans.

A Pertinent Question.

Herbert Spencer was once asked by a woman when he expected to finish his "Sympathetic Philosophy."

Back to the Gull.

Major McClellan, of New York, has the old style quill pen in signing public documents.

Adam's Volcano.

BY ELLA M. FREEMAN.

(Copyright, 1888, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Adam always read about Wall street news, and he used to say: "Mariah, some day you'll be proud o' me when Adam Tucker is the most poplar name in Wall street." And never a bit did I doubt Adam.

One night Adam sorter moved his chair nervous-like and said to me: "Mariah, this ain't the place for us. Vermont is too slow, and, anyway, we are both needin' in a change."

I says: "Adam, it seems to me like a mighty risk to sell off everything and go out a seekin' a fortune."

"But," said he, "it's the only way to get one Mariah. We can't make a fortune a settin' here."

That very month we moved out to the Rocky mountains. We sold off mighty nigh all our stuff, but there was some things we just couldn't get on without. There was our old feather bed—I told Adam there was no use talkin', I just couldn't sleep a wink off that bed.

That was a cold winter and we had a powerful sight of trouble. Phil didn't open up to Adam like he'd expected, and sometimes he could get work, and sometimes he couldn't, and I say, I was gettin' mighty discouraged. But I didn't say nothin'. Poor Adam! He'd just set ever' night with his head between his hands moppin' over his troubles. And the money was goin', too (we always kept it in one of Adam's old socks). Well, at last I got out the sock one night, and I declare, we was clear down to the heel. Then I couldn't keep still no longer, and I says:

"Look here, Adam, we ain't got nothin' left but the foot, and that'll be gone in no time, and then where'll we be?"

Adam shook his head dispairing-like.

Then he picked up the paper that hadn't been unfolded yet, and says he: "Mariah, he's a plan; now we've got to go into somethin' good or bad, so let's agree whatever we come to first in the paper—that's what we'll go into."

I was ready for anything, so I says, solemn-like: "Adam, it's agreed."

Then I declare I held my breath while Adam tremblin' opened the paper and read aloud: "Silver mines in Peru!" That's what we was to go into, and neither of us had ever in our lives heard of Peru before.

"Peru!" I declared. "I held my breath while Adam tremblin' opened the paper and read aloud: "Silver mines in Peru!" That's what we was to go into, and neither of us had ever in our lives heard of Peru before.

Well, we'd been in Peru for nearly two months. Adam di' pretty well gettin' work, but didn't do no more than make livin'. There didn't seem to be one place to get rich there and that was in the silver mines and they couldn't be had for an king of a price.

Adam was awful worried, and once I used to be scared, for Adam didn't act like himself. All at once he got to readin' about Vesuvius in an old book we had; I never could see anything in it, but Adam would just set up at nights and read and read. That went on for about a week, and sometimes he'd just walk up and down the floor.

Well, one night we'd been in bed for more'n three hours, and Adam seemed like he couldn't lay still; he twisted and rolled and sometimes would say somethin' to himself. Then all of a sudden he just set straight up in bed and says he: "A volcano's the thing! It's the only way to get rich!"

I never for one minute doubted that Adam was crazy. I just thought sure that all this movin' around had completely upset his mind. I couldn't say a word for quite a spell, and then I gasped: "Adam! What's the matter? O Adam! I do believe you've lost your mind! What shall I do?"

Says he: "Mariah, sit up here and listen; I've got a plan that'll make us rich."

"Well, I lit the candle and sat down on the edge of the bed, and Adam began:

"Look here, Mariah," says he, "if folks could be kind of stirred up, and thought there was really goin' to be a volcano, they'd be gettin' out of here in no time; and they'd just be a sellin' off their stuff for a dollar or nothin'. Now, I'm goin' to have a volcano."

Then I thought Adam had surely lost his mind, and says I: "Why, Adam, you can't make a volcano. Now, do lay down and go to sleep, and maybe you'll be all right in the mornin'."

But Adam persisted. Says he: "Mariah, I tell you there is nothin' the matter with me. I'm a goin' to have a volcano, and I'm goin' to make it myself now just wait till I tell you how."

"It'll be lots of work, Mariah, and you'll have to help, but I tell you we'll have a fortune. We'll take that mountain close to old Jack Hall's silver mine, and ever' night we'll haul up a great lot of tar. Then we'll carry up an old anvil, like we used to have at home on the Fourth of July. Then when we get ready for the thing to go off, we'll commence to melt the tar; while the smoky's goin' up we'll fire on the anvil, and start the tar a runnin' down the sides of the mountain, and folks will think there's a real volcano in action, and while ever'thing's a goin' its best we can buy up some mines awfully cheap, and we'll be rich."

Well, it took us two weeks to get the stuff up that mountain, and we worked at night and slept in the day. At last we

were ready, and Adam said he'd go up early in the mornin' and get the smoke to goin', an' long towards the next mornin' when things would be lookin' worse, I want to go up and take his place. So Adam started the smoke and in less 'an an hour the black smoke was pourin' out of the top, and folks was standin' around gapin' at it. Then there was a rumblin' kind of a noise, and folks began to run up and down the roads a wrangin' in their hands and cryin' and prayin'! Then I told everybody I thought it must be a volcano. By that time things was lookin' so permisive-like I says to myself: "There's no use a waitin' any longer," and I went right up as Adam could come down.

Well all that night I set up there a keepin' things goin'; the tar poured over the sides of the mountain, and the smoke was black and thick. Mornin' come, and Adam was still away, but I kept on till mighty nigh the next night. Then I saw somebody comin', and I watched awful close, and I saw it was Adam. He just came and dropped down beside me, and says he, clutchin' to a roll of paper: "Mariah, here's a fortune; I've bought four silver mines."

We didn't keep 'em all, though; we sold off three, for mighty big prices, and the other's a turnin' out big. Adam and I come back to our old camp just a week ago. We ain't decided just where we'll live, but we're goin' to the world's fair first. I'm gettin' my blue satin dress made and Adam says it's the most becomin' shade he ever saw—it's a real turquoise and trimmed with 15 yards of white lace.

We didn't keep 'em all, though; we sold off three, for mighty big prices, and the other's a turnin' out big. Adam and I come back to our old camp just a week ago. We ain't decided just where we'll live, but we're goin' to the world's fair first. I'm gettin' my blue satin dress made and Adam says it's the most becomin' shade he ever saw—it's a real turquoise and trimmed with 15 yards of white lace.

The Face of Old Hugh.

BY L. C. BROWN.

Copyright, 1896, by Daily Star Pub. Co.
Hugh sat down before the fire and gazed into the glowing coals. There was physical warmth there, but Hugh shivered as from mortal cold. He arose and paced up and down the room in nervous agony, inwardly cursing the stillness and trying to regain possession of his distracted nerves.

"Why did I ever do it?" he gasped to himself again and again. "It is not worth it—it is not worth it."

And yet and anon he would come back to the great easy chair before the fire and take a document from the table.

Yes, there it was—the paper which made him a millionaire or a pauper. He had a conscience, Hugh had, and it hurt him all the time. He loathed his ease and all the good things of this old world of ours, and this inheritance had permitted him to indulge himself.

But, this miserable conscience and this miserable will. Then, too, there was the widow and the brave-haired boy and the little, golden-haired girl with her sunny smile. Of course all this reality was theirs, but he had it and he needed it. Why, why should such thoughts obtrude, just when a man has got it all fixed up?

"Why in the name of all that is sensible don't I burn this miserable document, which exists only to threaten me and menace me?" said Hugh savagely to himself. "There is no other proof of the will. This is the only proof that I am not the sole heir, and yet I am keeping it and hiding it to my bosom like a scorpion."

"And yet—and yet in the fire-light ever is the picture of the sweet-faced little lady who married my brother instead of me, and great good sense did she show when she did it; and the faces of the brave little boy, named after me—oh, God, the pity of it all, and the little gold-haired girl, named for our mother—oh, the crime is unspeakable. It cannot be, it must not be—and yet, and yet, oh, God, I must have the things I need. All this wealth, this independence, this luxury is so sweet, so necessary to me. I cannot give it up; I cannot, I cannot."

Hugh held the will close to the fire, but not so close as to scorch it.

"Burn it, burn it, you blithering fool," he hissed at himself again and again, but the hand that held the document seemed to be palsied. "I will be fair with Helen," he went on, "I will see that she and the kids get all they want, but if I let go, then I am a pauper and a dependent. Then I do not give, but receive—great Heaven, I cannot, I cannot."

For hours the struggle raged, as it had raged before. Then it ceased. The man had succumbed to the temptation. He laid his head on his arm on the library table and sobbed like a child. He knew what he was about to do, and he knew that when he did it his soul was dead.

But—then was safety, then was security, then was joy without apprehension and without fear.

Of a sudden he aroused himself and stood erect in the library. Again was he his old self again he held himself well in hand. He clutched the will firmly in his hand and laughed aloud as he thought of the mental struggles he had gone through. But, no, he would take no chance, the fire was getting low, he would stir it into a ruddy flame.

He turned to seize the poker and his gaze happened to fall full upon the portrait of one of his paternal ancestors—one of the Fathers of the Republic, one of the men who gave us all our liberty and our opportunity—a great face with its classic nose, its straight mouth, with the thin lips, its high, broad forehead, its open, honest, fearless expression. In the hand of the man in the portrait was the pen with which he was about to sign the Declaration of Independence—for Hugh's ancestor was of that mettle and was one of those who no-

tinly did sign the immortal Declaration.

As he looked into Old Hugh's young Hugh seemed to feel something within him wither and break. He laid the will back on the table and pulled a chair in front of the picture of Old Hugh. For a long time he sat and gazed into the classic features. He lit a cigar and leaned back in his chair reveling in a reverie of the bygone days. The face fascinated him, and his memory went back through all the history of the great times in which Old Hugh lived. He remembered how his father had taken him on his knee and told him of those heroic days, and told him particularly of the great sacrifices made by this particular ancestor—Old Hugh—to do what he considered his full duty.

The high ideality in the face of the portrait attracted him to a degree that he was in a spell. He saw in the face what he never had seen before—not only the heroic qualities, but also the human qualities—the wants, desires, temptations, of the flesh. He crept close and looked long



and earnestly into the face, and it suddenly ceased, to be the face of a Father of the Republic, but the face of a friend and comrade. In the full red lips he saw women's kisses and in the well rounded form he saw all the evidences of good eating and good drinking. Of a sudden this hero of the picture had become human to him.

He went to the book case and took down a history of the revolution and read the chapter which his ancestor—Old Hugh—had made. It was a story of bravery, self-sacrifice, unyielding determination. After he had finished it Hugh looked again long and earnestly into the face in the portrait. He thought of all the human things he saw there and he reflected on all he had read.

"And I—I—writing here before this picture and in the house of my ancestors, plotting to rob my brother's wife and children—one of whom named for me and another for my mother."

He laughed, but it was a laugh not good to hear, for it had no mirth in it.

"Named for me—and Old Hugh," he said, and then he laughed again in the same mirthless way.

Of a sudden he straightened up and reached for a pad of writing paper, upon which he wrote as follows:

"Messrs. Smalley, Upton & Marsh, Solicitors. Gentlemen:

I have found the will of Hugh Strong, supposed to have been destroyed by him, and I inclose same that you may take proper action. After he had finished the entire estate is left to my brother Frank, now deceased, and will naturally pass to his wife and children. I am not in position at present to repay the amounts I have drawn from the estate during the past year during which I have had possession, but if you will figure it out I will restore it to the estate at the earliest possible moment. I am, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

"HUGH STRONG."

He put the letter and the will in an envelope and went out into the blinding rain to the post box two blocks away. Then he returned to the old library, removed his dripping outer garments and stood before the portrait of Old Hugh. He thrust his hands deep in his pockets and laughed—not the mirthless laugh of the early evening, but the hearty laugh of the care-free boy.

"Hugh, old boy, howdy," he cried.

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To be Selected by Popular Vote

The only conditions being that votes be cast on the coupons clipped from the Lexington Herald or by special ballots given those paying their subscription in advance. This special ballot, entitling the subscriber to one-hundred votes for every one-dollar paid, will be mailed in return on receipt of remittance when above conditions are complied with.

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For personal subscription address to the Courier-Journal.

Important Change of Time on

Southern Railway.

On Friday December 1st, the following changes in time of the Southern Railway trains will become effective:

No. 1 now leaving Louisville at 7:40 A M will depart at 8:00 A M.

No. 9 now leaving Louisville at 8:30 P M will depart at 8:30 P M.

No. 23 now leaving Louisville at 7:25 P M will depart at 7:45 P M.

No. 24 now leaving Lexington at 6:10 A M will depart at 5:45 A M.

No. 2 now leaving Lexington at 5:30 P M will depart at 5:00 P M.

Corresponding changes will be made at local stations and passengers intending to use these trains should consult ticket agents for complete information.

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A man is rich when he has what

he really needs.

SHIPPING CUT FLOWERS.

How They Are Kept Fresh While in
Transit Over Long Distances.

If properly packed, cut flowers can be safely shipped to considerable distances. For comparatively short distances the stems of the flowers are wrapped by florists in wet tissue paper, for greater distances in wet moss, while for very long distances the flower stems are inserted in slender little bottles designed for the purpose, and filled with water, through rubber patches fitting snugly in the neck of the bottle and around the plant's stem, to prevent the water in the bottle from leaking out. In such ways cut flowers may be shipped, as they sometimes are, from 800 to 1,000 miles, to arrive in good condition, says the New York Sun.

It might be supposed that persons desiring to send flowers to friends in more or less distant places would leave their order with their florists here and that he would have the order executed by a florist in the home city of the recipient, and such in fact is a method commonly employed. The chief New York florists have correspondents in large cities and towns everywhere, with whom they communicate by code.

But flowers are sent from this city to points where there are no florists, and then it may be also that they are sent from here to points where there are florists who could supply anything. Such last named shipments would be made on order from persons desiring to select the flowers sent, and desiring that the flowers thus personally selected should reach the recipient in the box and wrappings of the New York florist.

Private persons have tried with success sending cut flowers for short distances by mail, with a special delivery stamp attached to the package in addition to the required postage, but florists send cut flowers by express for prompt delivery as a perishable commodity rather than take the risk of the packages being crushed in transportation in mail bags.

The sending of flowers to friends on departing steamers to points where there are no florists has long been a familiar custom. One of the later wrinkles in this came in with modern facilities for cold storage. It consists in sending flowers to be delivered fresh daily on the voyage. Such flowers are placed here in charge of the steward, who sees that they are properly kept, and every day delivers to the persons for whom they are intended a fresh bouquet.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

STOOPS.

The yield of wheat is very good. H. S. Roberson, of Olympia Springs, is visiting relatives here. Miss Ethel Wiles is visiting near Olympia.

Several from here attended the picnic at Salt Lick July 4.

Mrs. R. H. Jewell was again taken to Hospital at Lexington last week.

The Misses Turner, of Mt. Sterling, are the guests of their cousin, Miss Mayme Turner, of Springfield.

Mr. Richard Carpenter, of Yale, has been visiting Sam Piersall.

This section was visited by a severe rainfall Friday doing much damage to crops.

Mrs. J. B. Carter and children left Sunday to join her husband at Chenevayille, Ill.

Several from here attended court at Owingsville Monday.

See Religious Items for Children's Day Exercises at Springfield.

H. C. Ficklin is with relatives at Jeffersonville.

Will Hamilton, of Owingsville, visited Alfred Moore Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Salina McDonald will begin teaching school here Monday, July 16.

ARE YOU GOING TO NIAGARA?

J. D. Wyatt, well known here, who has had much experience, will personally conduct an excursion from Winchester through Canada and to Niagara Falls. The train will leave Winchester Saturday morning, July 28. The trip will include three full days at Niagara, one day at Detroit, a steamer ride full length of Lake Erie from Buffalo, N. Y., to Detroit. A lady chaperone will accompany the party.

\$25 00

will pay all expenses from Mt. Sterling, including railroad fare hotel bills, sleeping car, berth on steamer, ride through the Niagara reservation, and other necessary expenses; also service of a first class physician in case of sickness.

Passenger will buy regular excursion tickets at Winchester and pay to Mr. Wyatt the balance of expense on train.

Think about this trip, plan to go. For further particulars call on Miss Florence Wyatt, of Mt. Sterling, or write to J. D. Wyatt, Cincinnati, Ohio. 51-8.

The Crusader.

Mr. Noel Gaines, editor, has issued the first number of the Crusader, at Frankfort, Ky. The Crusader will stand for the general uplifting of the Kentucky people to a higher standard. It is a well-gotten up affair, being a fine display of the printers art, and with Mr. Gaines as editor nothing but success could stare the Crusader in the face.

C. B. Fizer and E. C. Eskridge have formed a partnership to do furniture repairing, upholstering and job work. Furniture will be bought and sold. Place of business Bank St. next to Advocate Office.

A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will strengthen, and will remain where it belongs - on the head, not on the comb; the best kind of a comb is "Gold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
PILLS, CHERRY PECTURAL,
Ayer's

City Council.

Attendance at last meeting was small. As A. W. Sutton, City Clerk, contemplates leaving our city he resigned, and was succeeded by the election of Thos. P. Sutton, son of W. A. Sutton. Tom has for six months been deputy clerk and is not a novice in the work and will no doubt give close attention to the work.

The following permits were granted for the erection of buildings:

J. W. Clay a brick residence on the Everett property.

O. W. McCormick, a cottage adjoining Mrs. Ragan's property. See more.

G. E. Coons, a two-story brick on Sycamore.

S. Fizer a cottage on Locust street.

Kirkpatrick & Clay, a large frame warehouse on lot formerly used by old electric light plant.

The Old Kentucky Telephone & Telegraph Co., through John G. Winn made application for the extension of their franchise accompanied by a bid for same, in view of the contemplated expenditure of considerable money in perfecting the plant. The Council refused to consider the matter.

Pavements were ordered on Bank St. also on the S. D. Mitchell property on Locust St. and in front of the Maggie Bell lot on High St.

Fine Trip To Atlantic City.

Daniel M. Bowman, editor of The Sun Versailles, Ky., who has managed a number of delightful pleasure trips, has arranged a splendid trip to Atlantic City & leaving Mt. Sterling Aug. 2. An entire week will be spent at Atlantic City, besides three days sightseeing in Washington and Philadelphia. Cost of 12 days' trip, including R. R. fare, hotels, etc., only \$39.75. Mr. Bowman will personally conduct party. For bookings and details address Daniel M. Bowman, Versailles, Ky. 52-31.

Mr. Sterling Lawyer Wins an Important Case.

Judge B. F. Day representing William F. Spaulding, of Poukeepsie, N. Y., has won a suit at West Liberty, Morgan county, to the ownership of 2,500 acres of coal and timber lands in Morgan county.

The case was hotly contested but Judge Day won every point. The timber is extra fine. Cannel and bituminous coals are very rich, the mines run in the former five feet in thickness and the latter four feet.

For this tract, even under the contest, Mr. Spaulding is refusing \$100,000. For the labor of more than two year in court Judge Day will receive a handsome fee.

LICENSE Refused.

Judge McNew, County Judge of Nicholas, has refused, druggist license to Merrifield & Massy for the reason they did not establish the fact that they were bona fide druggists. The Judge believing they only want license for the purpose of selling whiskey.

A lot of men who think they are independent are only contrary.

The poorest man we know has nothing but money.

State Fair.

As a guaranteed fund for the Kentucky State Fair to be held at Lexington this year more than \$16,000 has been raised, and this city wants it permanently. For the reason that she is a success with fairs. Make the permanent location there.

New Clerk.

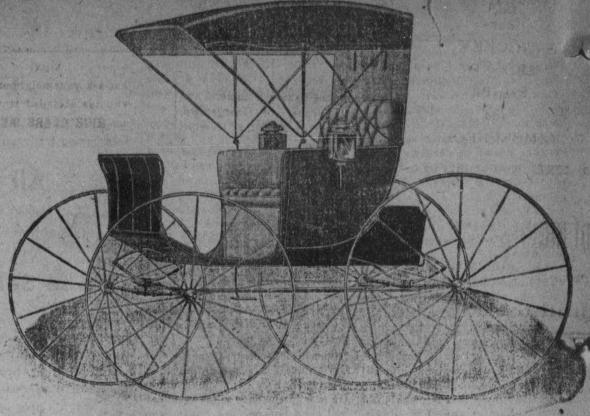
Mr. Forrest Wood has been appointed as an additional clerk in the Post Office here. An additional clerk was badly needed and Mr. Wood will fill the bill to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Command Gov. Beckham.

Religious papers of the state are commanding Governor. Beckham for putting the lid on.

Arm Braken.

Neal, little son of Dr. Dox, fell while playing at S. P. Sullivan's and broke both bones in his right arm.



"WE HAS 'EM"

All Sizes, All Shapes, All Kinds, All Prices.

Five Complete Lines. Select yours while our STOCK is COMPLETE.

PREWITT & HOWELL.

Notice.

Officers Elected.
Hinkston Lodge, No. 87, A. O. U. has elected the following officers:

Past Master Workman, Henry Maher; Master Workman, R. L. Settles; Foreman, W. C. Hamilton; Overseer, H. D. Reese; Records, T. B. Rodman; Financier, R. F. Moore; Receiver, C. B. Stephens; Guide, Roy Alexander; Inside Watchman, J. D. Porter; Outside Watchman, Edwin Taul; Trustees, O. Willoughby, A. A. Hazlewood and R. I. Settles.

I. O. O. F. Officers.

J. H. E. Jephson, N. G.
James O'Connell, V. G.
J. W. Groves, Sec.

John S. Frazer, Treas.

Virgil Hainsline, R. S. to N. G.
G. R. Armstrong, L. S. to N. G.
J. W. Jones, R. S. to V. G.
W. T. Tyler, W.

Harry Campbell, Sr. C.
John Cline, R. S. S.
Sam Socoe, L. S. S.
F. H. Moore, I. G.

T. H. McCarty, O. G.
J. L. Brown, W. P. Apperson and W. H. Strossman, Jr., Finance Committee.

San Francisco.

The stereopticon lecture at the Court House on Friday evening by Mrs. Ada Vanpelt was very instructive. The magnitude and horror of the destruction of San Francisco grows upon us as we see and hear of it. Some of the pictures of the city were beautiful, some terrifying. Her views of Central and Southern California grain fields, orchards, pleasure resorts, mountains and waterfalls was quite an advertisement for the State.

Base-Ball.

The Mt. Sterling team crossed bats yesterday and again to-day with the strong Frankfort team. Up to the time of going to press we have not learned the result of the game Tuesday. Every one should attend the game this afternoon. Remember the locals are strengthened and expect to play great ball. Frye, the star Lexington pitcher will twirl for the locals. Game called 2 p. m. Wednesday.

Will Bang.

The jury in the murder case of Aaron McCabe, the negro who killed Martin Clark in P. W. Green's saloon, in Lexington, brought in a dead verdict of last Sunday.

For Sale.

A farm of 115 acres, 5 miles from Mt. Sterling, well improved and watered, new barn, good residence, and all in grass. Will sell cheap.

BLUE GRASS FARM

AT

Public Auction.

On MONDAY, AUGUST 27, 1906, (County Court Day) at 1:30 o'clock, p. m., at the Courthouse doors in Winchester, Ky., will sell at public auction, the farm belonging to Miss Ruth Ball, situated in Chenevayille, 8 miles from Mt. Sterling and 7 miles from Winchester. The farm contains 150 acres, has a good stone and a half residence, new stock barn and other necessary outbuildings. The farm is well watered and has new fence all around.

This is one of the most desirable located farms in this section - near railroad station and on good pikes leading in all directions and convenient to churches and schools. One hundred acres of the land is in grass.

TERBMS. — One third cash, one-third in one year and one-third in two years, at the usual rate of interest.

Possession given March 1, 1907, but purchaser can have the privilege of making any changes or improvements in the meantime that will not interfere with the present tenant.

For further information address JAS. C. LEWIS, 52-5 Mt. Sterling, Ky., or J. C. and W. H. Wood, Agents, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

AN IDEAL

VACATION TRIP

TO

Yellowstone Park

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

SPEND YOUR MONEY IN THIS COUNTRY

Itinerary of Trip

Denver, Colorado Springs, Criop Creek, Garden of the Gods, Manitou, PIKE'S PEAK, Grand river Canon, Royal Gorge, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Salt Air, Marshall Pass, Black Canon and 64 days in WONDERFUL YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Cost of Trip.

Expense of an ordinary trip of this nature has been fully considered and minimized so as to be within easy reach of all.

Special Sleepers will leave Louisville Night of July 25th.

For full particulars, write J. H. GALLAGHER, 1807 Barret Avenue, Louisville.

51-12

\$100

MT. STERLING KY.

to

OLD POINT COMFORT & return

via

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO R. R.

MONDAY, JULY 23,

15 days limit, good for stowaways in the mountains.

1 Guaranteed to

cure

CHICKEN

CHOLERA

ROUPE

and

LIMBERNECK.

NO CURE, MONEY REFUNDED.

at

DUEURSON'S Drug Store,

Phone 129 No. 7 Court St.

PERSONAL.

Jas. H. Jones was here last week. John Kriner, of Paris, spent Sunday here.

Miss Mary Smith is visiting in Winchester.

Jas. Pickrell, of Clark, was here on Tuesday.

R. M. Trimble left on Saturday for Denver, Colorado.

D. B. Patrick & Son, of Salyersville, were here on Friday.

H. H. Elliott, of North Middle- town, was a caller on Friday.

T. B. Arthur, of Louisville, was here from Saturday until Monday.

Miss Carolynne Reid and brother, Henry, went to New York on Monday.

Corwin Rice on Sunday returned from a two-months' trip in the West.

Mrs. Annie Burks of Winchester is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. E. Punch.

Miss Golden Day, of Winchester, came on Friday to visit Miss Mary Bruce Jones.

Misses Francis and Jones, of Blackstock, S. C., visited Mrs. Ann Bean last week.

Miss Martha Dennis, of Fayette, has been with friends in town and country for a few days.

Miss Mildred Davis will leave today for Jeffersonville, Ind., to visit Miss Clara Hazard.

Mrs. L. E. Griggs and Miss Georgia Sledd are spending a month at Lake Chautauqua.

Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Carrick, of Georgetown, spent Sunday with B. F. Herriott and family.

Howard Turner and William Carrington are spending a few days at Olympian Springs.

Miss Esther Wilson left this morning for Louisville for the European trip. See item on First page.

Joe Coons who has been at Louisville engaged on a government survey of the Ohio was a caller on Saturday. He is visiting

his family. His future address is Elizabethtown, Ill.

Miss Besie and Margaret Robinson are visiting in Bath county.

Mrs. Stella Cockrell and Elizabeth Cockrell are with relatives in Flemingsburg.

John P. and Miss Jennie Darnall, of Flemingsburg, are the guests of Silas Stover and family.

Mesdames Fannie Simmers and Amelia Spence, of Georgetown, have been with Mrs. B. F. Herriott for some days.

Miss Neil Allen, of Winchester, and Miss Fannie McLaughlin, of Covington, are the guest of the family of W. B. Greene.

Misses Nell and Elizabeth Crutcher, of Paris, and Janie and Kathrynne Letcher, of Lanvale, came last week to visit Miss Jane Joplin.

Mrs. Julia Thomason, of Norborne, Mo., and Miss Frances Mansur, of Richmond, Mo., who have been with Mrs. Meguier have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Mack, of Kansas City, who have been with the family of Mrs. Mack's father, Jas. Flynn, for the past month, returned home Tuesday.

Misses Martha Lee Gay, Bettie Saunders, Mary Bell Sharp and Nancye Saunders, of Sharpsburg, who have been the guests of Price Calk and family returned home on Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. Elmer Sweetnam and little daughter, who have been with the family of Mrs. Mary Sweetnam for ten days, returned to their home in Morgan county Sunday.

Miss Mary Bruce Jones leaves early next week to join Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Holley in Chicago for a trip to Niagara, trip down St. Lawrence, New York and other Northern and Eastern resorts.

Misses Eddie McClure, of Grant County, Verdelia Bracht, of Williamson, Fannie O'Rear, of Louisville, Neppie Burns, of Nicholasville, and Lena Cunningham, of Independence, Mo., are being entertained by Gilbert Y. Trimble and sister.

Misses Lodema, Lillian and Catherine Wood, Alpha Enoch, Lizzie P. Coleman, Mary Ray Trimble, Masters Bartlett Paxton, Benton Kingolving, Richard Aperson, Roger Drake, Tipton Wilcox, C. D. Wade and Harry Stevenson fett on Monday to spend a few years has sold papers.

\$1.48 CASH.
\$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 Sample Oxford, size 2 2 to 4.

Punch & Graves.

Don't fail to investigate the Niagara Falls Excursion which will be conducted by J. D. Wyatt, leaving Mt. Sterling on the morning of July 25, with special Pullman sleepers for Winchester direct to the Falls. \$25.00 pays your entire expense from Mt. Sterling to the Falls and return. 52-3.

"Smitties" famous military band of Cincinnati, have been engaged to play for the Elk's big fair at Winchester July 26, 27 and 28.

Moris Cox is ill with typhoid fever.

Complete line ladies' Oxford all styles, latest shapes at 52-3. The B. B. Shoe Co.

W. F. Saunders, of Sharpsburg, he has forty-five acres of wheat which will yield 2,250 bu.

Underwear at cost for cash, all sizes.

Punch & Graves.

Everybody smiles but father. He simply roars—The Elk's Fair Winchester July 25, 26 and 27.

Nonsale sale, houses and lots, 3 p. m. Saturday, July 14, Court-house door. See ad.

New firm new good. The Brunner-Berry Shoe Co. 53-3.

See the advertisement of farm for sale by James Lewis.

Our Great July Sale
is On in Earnest - -

The past week has been the heaviest one we have had since we commenced business in Mt. Sterling. If you have not been in to get your share of the bargains we are offering this month just ask your neighbor what they think of this sale. Everyone who has attended it will undoubtedly tell you that we are selling HIGH CLASS MERCHANDISE at a lower price than they been paying for inferior goods. DON'T MISS THIS SALE.

The Entire Stock Goes This Month at
LESS THAN THE COST PRICE. • •

We want your trade and are willing to loose money this month to get you in to see this new store, knowing that you will remain a satisfied customer after having once dealt with us.

JOHN P. JONES,
MAIN STREET, MT. STERLING, KY.

DEATHS.

AMBURG—Mrs. Melissa Amburgy, aged 84, died on Saturday morning July 7, 1906 near Chambers, Menifee county. Burial on Sunday in Amburgy grave yard. She is the mother of W. S. Hamilton of this county.

TERREBEND—Mrs. Sarah Teegarden, aged 81 years, died at her home near Camargo on June 30, 1906. The funeral service was held by Rev. Oney and the burial was in Machpelah. She leaves a husband and two sons and two daughters. She was a member of the Grassly Lick Methodist church and was full of good works. Her daughter, Mrs. Anderson, of Midway, accompanied by her husband and daughter attended the funeral.

ALEXANDER—On Tuesday night Brawner Alexander, aged 14 years, received an injury which resulted in death, on Thursday night, while playing near the jail he stood on the hydrant. His foot slipped off. In falling he was injured internally resulting in locked bowels. Rev. H. D. Clark conducted the funeral service on Saturday afternoon. Brawner was the son of Geo. Alexander, deceased. Since the death of his mother he has lived with his brother, Roy. Roy was a bright boy and for a few years has sold papers.

\$1.98 CASH
\$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 Sample Oxford, size 2 2 to 6.

Punch & Graves.

WANTED—Gentleman or lady with good reference, to travel by rail or with a rig, for a firm of \$25,000 capital. Salary \$1,072 per year and expenses; salary paid weekly and expenses advanced. Address, with stamp, Jas. A. Alexander, Mt. Sterling, Ky. 49-17

THE SICK.

On Friday evening Mrs. C. W. Nesbitt gave a lovely tea in honor of Mrs. Arthur McAlister of Kansas City Mo. and Mrs. J. Will Miller of Paris III.

Monday evening Miss Mary Cobb Stofer entertained at her beautiful home on Sycamore street about fifty of her friends in honor of Mr. John and Miss Jennie Darrell.

In compliment to her guest Mrs. J. Will Miller of Paris III, and Miss Golden Day of Winchester, who is visiting Miss Mary Bruce Jones, Miss Ella Trimble entertained at tea on Saturday.

On Friday afternoon Miss Ella Trimble gave a lawn party to her little cousin, Josephine Turner. Refreshments were served in the summer house on the wall of the pool. Mesdames Clay Turner, J. Clay Cooper, Belle Miller and B. W. Trimble assisted in entertaining.

Maude and Si and the whole family will be at Winchester Elk's Fair, July 25, 26 and 27.

Regeneration works from within.

A corporation is known by the men it keeps.

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. E. E. Dawson will continue the meeting at Antioch next night this week and over next Sunday.

Prayer meeting will be held as follows on Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at First Presbyterian Church.

Rev. H. D. Clark will preach the union service sermon on Sunday evening at Southern Presbyterian Church.

Rev. J. W. Carter, of Lexington, who has been preaching at Grassly Lick for 10 days will continue the meeting during the week.

Children's Day services at Springfield last Sabbath passed off nicely with a large congregation and heavy mite boxes. The children deserve a great deal of credit for their liberal offerings for Foreign Mission which amounted to \$16.65.

The Florshein shoe for men. A fit for ever foot, a shape for every taste. For sale by 52-3. The B. B. Shoe Co.

BIRTHS.

To Carroll Hamilton and wife on Thursday night, a daughter.

To Thomas N. Coons and wife, of Bocas del Toro, Panama S. A., a girl, Marie.

Misses' and Children's slippers at manufacturer's cost for cash.

Punch & Graves.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

Always Cool.

It is not shade alone that makes it cooler under a tree in summer.

The coolness of the tree itself helps, for its temperature is about 45 degrees Fahrenheit at all times, whereas that of the human body is a fraction more than 98 degrees.

A clamp of trees cools the air as a piece of ice cools the water in a pitcher.

Strangers Registered.

Every stranger who enters the White House at Washington is counted by an automatic register. The instrument is held in the hand of one of the watchmen stationed at the door, and every visitor's arrival is recorded for official purposes.

Good Kindling.

"Kindness," remarked the man who comments on things, "is what kindles the fire of love in the human breast."

"Together with a few bank notes," replied Senator Badger.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

Boys' Oxford, all sizes, at manufacturer's cost for cash.

Punch & Graves.

A half truth is a whole lie.

Regeneration works from within.

A corporation is known by the men it keeps.

I. F. TABB

MARRIAGES.

GREENE-JORDAN

On Thursday evening, July 5, 1906 in St. Luke's Episcopal church, at Cleveland, Tenn., Mr. S. W. Greene, of Louisville, Ky., and Miss Blanche Grey Jordan, of Cleveland, Tenn., were united in marriage. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Greene, of our city, and is a most excellent young man worthy of a most excellent young woman.

The Cleveland paper says of her: Mrs. Greene was one of Cleveland's loveliest women and belonged to one of the oldest and most aristocratic families in the South.

Miss Mamie and Keller Greene, of our city, and L. D. Greene, of Louisville, sister and brothers of the groom were present. Miss Mamie as one of the two maids of honor, Keller as groomsman and L. D. as best man. The bride-elect came down the aisle leaning on her father's arm and the groom and his best man entered from the vestry and met the bride and her father at the altar, where the mystic words that united their lives were said.

The bride was attired in a lovely costume of full white satin, trimmed with real lace, pearls and platinum. She wore a veil fastened with a diamond pin and a cluster of orange blossoms and carried an immense bouquet of bride's roses. Her going-away gown was of old rose rajah silk trimmed in touches of black velvet with bat lace.

The maids of honor wore lovely gowns of crepe or lace trimmed with real valenciennes and carried bouquets of bride's roses.

Mr. and Mrs. Greene will arrive in this city about July 20. The many friends here join in congratulations and best wishes.

Recitations by Phonograph.

Since the beginning of the year a phonograph has been used in the theological faculty of the University of Vienna.

Prof. Swoboda, the head of the faculty has noticed that while reciting the students always made the same mistakes. It then struck him that by means of a phonograph their mistakes might be demonstrated to them in a striking manner. The results exceeded all expectations.

Due to Salt.

It is not generally known that salt has determined, to a considerable extent, the distribution of man. He was forced to settle where he could obtain it. This brought him to the seashore, and started maritime commerce.

Again, preservation of food by salt made long voyages possible, and opened up the world to civilization.

Entire satisfaction and perfect fit guaranteed. Your patronage solicited.

52-3. The B. B. Shoe Co.

LAND STOCK AND CROP

For Sale—Young red short horn bull. E. S. Cunningham, 52-2 Thompson, Ky.

Leslie McCormick has purchased of W. B. O'Connell the lot on Sycamore street adjoining Mrs. Raagans property and is erecting a nice cottage.

Kerns Brothers, of Sharpsburg, have sold 150,000 pounds of tobacco to W. J. Peed & Co., of Carrollton, at \$10.60 per hundred. The average cost was 64 cents.

W. F. Bryan, North Middletown, sold to Jonas Well, eighty head of 1133 pound cattle at 41 cents per pound, forty-six delivered, thirty-four to be delivered August 1.

Underwear at cost for cash, all sizes.

Punch & Graves.

The Elks:

bf Winchester have secured a great expense Cook's Roman Hippodrome. Each afternoon of the fair, July 25, 26 and 27 they will have Roman standing races, chariot races, Hurdle races, Riderless and many others.

James Ogg has accepted a position with the Home Steam Laundry.

The Tell-Tale Locket.

BY GRANVILLE OSBORNE.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
When the troop transport reached Manila, Private Dillingham went ashore on a stretcher. Destiny had decreed that he should go to the hospital instead of to the camp across the bay with the rest of the regiment. Otherwise Dillingham would not have met Dr. Horton, and had he not met Dr. Horton, life would never have been the same for at least two reg'ts in the world.

When Dr. Horton looked into the face of Dillingham, he started noticeably. The stretcher bearers and the others who were standing about exchanged glances of astonishment—the astonishment of the regular army, not of civilian social circles, which is a very different thing.

Horton had never been known to start before. He was supposed to be devoid of sentiment and emotion as the granite boulders of his native state. His gaunt face took on a pallor; lines appeared at either side of his mouth.

"Dillingham" he ejaculated in a hoarse whisper.

"Present," said Dillingham, feebly. He smiled a ghastly smile and pinched nervously at the blanket covering the lower portion of his body.

"What—how—I don't understand." The surgeon groped for a sentence.

"Don't you? Well, no more do I. It's something we've got to figure out, doc. If you're kind enough to lay me up somewhere and give me something to drink, I'll feel better, I'll talk with you."

The surgeon drew himself up quickly. "I beg your pardon, Dillingham," he said in a dry voice. "I had quite forgotten."

"It's all right, doc," said Dillingham. "I wouldn't have mentioned it, only I feel as if I was going to unravel like an old stocking, and I'm afraid it isn't a good sign."

"It isn't," affirmed the surgeon.

Dillingham was drugged that night and the next day, until the fever in his veins grew weak and dispirited. Then he opened his eyes, to see Dr. Horton sitting by his side, plying a palm leaf fan.

"I had nothing especial to do," the surgeon said, in explanation of his presence. "I thought I'd drop in and talk a bit. I had you brought to my room. It's quieter here. Your fever is about gone. You'll be up in a day or two."

"Glad to hear it, doc," said Dillingham. "I'm ever so much obliged."

The two men looked into each other's faces long and searching. The ticking of the watch in the surgeon's pocket was distinctly audible.

"It's the same old watch, isn't it, doc? I haven't heard it since the day you examined my heart, but I'd know its voice among a thousand."

"Yes," said the surgeon, "it's the same old watch."

"Doc, how does it happen that you're out here? I thought you were at home."

"—I don't believe I know," replied the surgeon. "It was clear enough to me until you came, but now I seem to be in a muddle. What are you doing out here yourself?"

"Oh, I'm out here to forget."

"To forget what?"

"My foolishness. I was doing my country no good at home. There was nothing to hold me there. —"

"Nothing to hold you there?" the surgeon repeated, like one in a daze. "Did—didn't you marry her?"

"No, I didn't." Dillingham squirmed as if in sudden pain. "I saw through your little game, doc, and—I'm not that sort of a fellow. She wouldn't have married me, anyway."

"The—she deuce she wouldn't!"

"No. Your efforts, doc, in my—in her behalf were well meant, perhaps, but they were in poor judgment and wasted."

"My efforts? I—"

"Let me tell you, doc. You really loved her, while I merely thought I did. Her folks liked you. They didn't like me. I don't blame them. I was good enough."

perhaps, but I was a poor stick for a girl to marry; no property or prospects. There was a time, I believe, when the girl thought she loved me; but it wasn't love, it was human nature asserting itself against parental opposition.

I used to meet the girl in the grape arbor, when I was forbidden to call at the house. There was a spice of romance in it. I was there that night—that night when you asked her to marry you. I heard her refuse you. I heard her tell you that she loved another, and that other was myself."

"What—the—" Dillingham sat bolt upright for an instant, and then sank back again, pulling at the opening of his shirt. "Yes—no—that isn't the one; here it is—confound it here!"

He flung another looket at the surgeon—a locket which until then had been suspended about his neck.

"Give me the—the—the—" he said, almost fiercely. "I must have gone off my head when the fever came on me aboard the ship and got them mixed. Here—this one has your picture in it, doc; it's the one I took from—the—red—box!"

He lay upon his pillow, panting and exhausted. The surgeon gently pushed the wet hair back from his forehead. A long silence:

"Doc?"

"Yes?"

"You will be going—home—soon?"

"Yes, Dillingham, very soon, now."

"That's right, doc. You find her waiting for you."

The surgeon raised Dillingham's hand from the coverlet and grasped it warmly in his own.

"Dillingham."

No reply. The sleep of convalescence, which comes rapidly and holds fast, was upon the invalid. With exceeding care the surgeon lifted the weary head and replaced the locket about the sleeper's neck.

Then, glancing hastily about him, he touched his lips to the pale forehead.

book. Dillingham closed his eyes.

"Is this it?" asked Horton, holding up the bauble.

Dillingham's eyelids barely fluttered.

"Yes," he said. "Open it."

The surgeon opened it. "Why, this—it's a picture of her, isn't it?"

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TRUTHFUL WITNESS.

week, I think—the girl went away. She had not looked perfectly well for a long time, and you, as the family physician, ordered a change of air. You recommended a certain sanitarium up in the hills, and her father bundled her up there in short order, but not before we had met in the grape arbor and decided that you were a scheming scoundrel. We felt very bitter towards you, doc. Then, one day you stopped me on the street and lied to me. You said I was looking badly; that I should go somewhere to recuperate. It was beautiful sarcasm, doc, but I was too much of a fool to see it. I told you I couldn't afford to go away. You loaned me the money. I went where you suggested and—we were together again, shadowed with no restrictions to our love-making. It was clever of you, but old man as I said before, your judgment was bad. We were talking one day of the coincidence that had brought us together, and comparing health notes, and we discovered that neither of us was sick. In an instant we saw through it—all we understood. Nothing further was said, and the next day came the news of your departure with the pale face.

"And then?"

"Well, we just naturally packed our duds. The scales had fallen from our eyes. She was nothing but a friend to me any more, and I was nothing but a friend to her. You should have seen her when she read the announcement of your departure! Doc! It would have told you something sweet."

Horton blincked like a man who opens his eyes in a strong light.

"I was disgusted with myself and with her," Dillingham went on. "I knew then what my real sentiments towards her were, and the revelation under the circumstances was not conducive to self-complacency. The way to my room led past the door of hers, and the door was ajar. I am a sneak by nature. There was a little red plush box in the tray—the box in which she kept her treasures. I tip-toed in like a thief!"

"You—you—"

"Don't get excited, doc. Yes, it was a mean thing to do. I opened the box, took a tiny locket from it for a keepsake, and that was all. I took the locket because it was the first thing my fingers touched, and then I flew. I have never seen her since. I have never been back in the old town. One day, when I was a trifile more insane than usual, I trifile more insane than usual, and—here I am."

Horton nodded his head vaguely.

"I want you to see the locket I stole. It is in a pocketbook in my trousers. Just get it, will you?"

The surgeon got the pocket-

book. Dillingham closed his eyes.

"Is this it?" asked Horton, holding up the bauble.

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TRUTHFUL WITNESS.

It is related by the earl of Yarmouth that on one of his yachting cruises he took a great liking to an old sailor whose principal duty was to see that the paint everywhere was in first class shape. One day the earl saw a jet of water shoot up from the sea. "A whale," said the old sailor, and sure enough the great creature was seen in a minute. "Did you ever see a sea serpent, Walker?" asked the earl. The old fellow paused in his work and said: "Yes, my lord. I saw one once. We had started home from Jamaica with a cargo of rum, and—" Go back to your painting," said his lordship.

Late of the Sea Serpent.

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Queensland's Fiber Plants.

Queensland is particularly rich in fiber plants, one called by the aborigines "booray" being so tenacious that if the leaf is simply twisted into a rope it will bear the strain of several hundredweight. It is now found that there is growing around Brisbane a fiber plant called by botanists "mura" that will yield fiber of great value. Maj. Boyd, of the agricultural department, sent a sample of "mura" fiber to a rope-making firm in Germany for test, and these manufacturers are now prepared to purchase it at \$175 to \$200 a ton.

Fad of a Queen.

The new queen of Denmark is

a passionate admirer of Dickens and knows many of his books by heart.

WESTBOUND LOCAL TRAINS

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DELTA, NEW YORK, RICHMOND,

OLD POINT AND NOLPOLK

12:35 p.m. and 9:35 p.m. daily.

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8:45 a.m. and 7:05 p.m. Ex. Sunday.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Mt. Sterling, Kentucky.

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LEWIS APPERSON

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Building, Mayville Street.

J. G. WINN

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Mt. Sterling, Kentucky.

Office: Over Montgomery National Bank.

D. R. W. G. NESBITT

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